

Private Delmuzzo

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Summary: a private fresh out of highschool joins the marines for a life of adventure but soon learns it is not how he envisioned it as a young child. chapter one bootcamp is up.....First fanfic....please read and review.

Private Delmuzzo

It was black, pitch black and there was no sound. Suddenly Private Delmuzzo was awoken from his short but desperately needed slumber.

"WAKE UP PIN HEADS, GET YOUR SORRY ASSES DOWN TO THE O Æ" COURSE IN FIVE MINUTES!"

Delmuzzo jumped out of his bunk, threw on his combat fatigues and boots and sprinted out of the barracks toward the obstacle course---which was a mile away. He was the second person there, the first being Drill Sergeant Gordon. The last person there, a slightly overweight marine by the name of Curccio got to the course at five minutes six seconds. Gordon looked around at the still tired platoon since it was four thirty in the morning, unhappy that the marine was six seconds late.

"I want a leaf, and I want it now" Gordon said looking at the tree line which was a good mile and a half away from the obstacle course. "Everybody but Curccio is to get me a leaf."

The marine platoon grunted at the order and ran off toward the tree line, got the leaf and ran back.

"Form a circle around me and Curccio. Then drop your leaves at Curccio's feet." Gordon said and the marines obliged. "NOW DROP AND GIVE ME FIFTY, EACH TIME YOU GO DOWN SAY THANK YOU CURCCIO FOR BEING A LAZY FAT ASS ITALIAN!"

The marines did the seemingly never ending amount of pushups each

marine yelling at the top of his lungs and looking at Curccio with the kind of stare that would kill an ODS.

The obstacle course was massive, filled with ramps, towers, ropes, cargo nets, logs, narrow bridges, and at the end, an aerial rope course with dangling logs, monkey bars, rope bridges, a climbing wall and leaping islands (wood islands that you jump to) " thirty feet up in the air. Of course there was a cargo net under it so no one would die but it is the hardest part of the course and requires an extreme amount of endurance and stamina to make it through without falling.

Private Alan Delmuzzo was in charge of delta team which consisted of him, Private John Howard, Private Frank Curccio, Private David Fullmont, Private Anne Becher and Private Juan Juarez. Delmuzzo grew up with Howard and Fullmont and were friends since the second grade, all joined the marines at 18, fresh out of High School. Frank Curccio was the curse of delta, always screwing things up and getting the rest of the company in trouble. If it was not for him, delta team would easily be the best team in the company. Anne Becher was some what of a mystery, at five foot five and with a perfect body, she was nicknamed the goddess for three reasons, one for her body the second other for her devotion to the Christian God and the third because of her uncanny ability in combat. She almost killed a man that wanted to have sex with her on Christmas leave earlier in the year. Because of that people have trouble interpreting her because she won't have sex but she joins the marines to kill. Juan Juarez is a Mexican who wanted some freedom, so he joined the marines; he acts like he is the most bad ass marine, but is almost as bad as Curccio.

"Delta team your up. Maximum time is twelve minutes to reach the end and ring the bell. GO GO GO!"

Delta team sprinted thirty feet to the first obstacle, the over and unders, making it through relatively quickly. The next obstacle was a narrow wood bridge over water which surprisingly Curccio made it through for the first time. After the bridge was a twelve foot wall, and the marines built a human ladder throwing Fullmont up first, then Becher and then the rest of the team made it up, so far they only took two minutes. The wood latter was next, shaped like an upside down V, this is the second hardest thing on the course, but Delta team made it through, but Curccio fell a little behind. The next obstacle was a ramp with a rope that went to a huge cargo net climb. They made it up the net with ease, entering the last and most challenging part, the rope course. Anne went first, making a six foot leap to the first swinging log. Using her momentum, she leapt off and almost missed the second island. The rest of the team using the same technique as Anne made it to the second island. While looking easy, the descending monkey bars are anything but. Sloping downward at a forty five degree angle, you are not allowed to use your feet. The whole team made it down except for Curccio, who was still at the top shaking in fear.

"Come on Curccio you have to do this!" Howard yelled.

"I can't! I'm not falling again!" he yelled back.

As Curccio moved to the edge of the block, he tripped smacking his head on the lead bar and fell 45 feet to the cargo net. Not moving, Gordon told the team to finish the course. The team made it up the

rock wall to the last part of the rope course, the leaping islands. If things couldn't get any worse, Juarez, now the last person to go missed an island and the cargo net and fell seventy feet through branches, landing on a broken tree to be impaled on it.

In the fourteen minutes (Curccio's stand at the block cost the team three minutes) it took delta team to complete the course, Juarez was dead and Curccio was unconscious. Even though they were the two worst marines in the company, delta team was shattered.

"This is all Curccio's fault, if he would of just went, Juarez wouldn't have been rushed and miss the island." Anne said.

"We have to get back at him, he always screws things up and now he got a man killed. Tonight, let's get him with the soap bars and the whip." Alan said.

Every one agreed to the plan and darkness could not come soon enough. Because of the accidents at the obstacle course, the rest of training for the day was cancelled.

"As you all know, tomorrow is the big war game in the city arena. I'm giving you all tactical maps showing what your objectives are and key choke points. Delta team, you are short two men, which are irreplaceable for the war game tomorrow. It is your option to compete or not." Gordon said to the company.

Before any of Delta team had a chance to say anything, Alan said "We are in."

In the mess hall delta team sat together as it always did and the marines were conversing amongst themselves about tomorrow's war game competition in the city.

"We are short two men, so we are really gunna have to work our asses off. This fight isn't gunna be won by brute force as it usually is, we need to use some tactics this time around." Alan said. "Dave and Anne will secure blocks three and five around the target building with sniper rifles from building two-seven" he said pointing at the tactical map that Gordon gave them earlier. They would be facing Alpha Bravo Charlie and Echo teams. "John, you and me will enter the target building from the sewers at entrance six-two. We will emerge at sewer number one-five. You will secure the basement and I will secure the second level. I will then proceed to the target while you secure the first floor, and then move back to the street and split up in the alleys back to the start point, which is covered by Dave and Anne." The team was about to go to the barracks, when they saw Curccio.

"What the hell is he doing here? I thought he was knocked out" John said "he is gunna screw up tomorrow's war game for us, again." Dave said "We have to do something." Anne said "The original plan with the soap is going down tonight. He will not be in the games tomorrow." Alan finally said.

They exited the mess hall with out Frank noticing them. By time Curccio got back to his bunk, everyone (Charlie Delta and Echo teams) in the barracks knew the plan. Once Curccio laid down, the men and women inside instantly came to life, holding and then strapping him down with belts to his bed. The rest of the men, with socks filled

with bars of soap and others with the metal ends of belts started beating the shit out of Private Frank Curccio. The men picked him up, still beating him; the cracking of his bones could be heard from the repeated blows from the soap and belts. They brought him to the bathroom where they threw him against the walls, then shoved his head in a toilet. Each person in the barracks got a turn dunking him in the stagnant pool of shit and piss that was intentionally left there. Alan was the last to dunk him, and left him under for an extra twenty seconds. He then flushed the bowl three times and brought him to his feet. Alan was standing eye to eye with someone who did not look human any more, his nose broken, lips split a large gash on his forehead, a black eye and cuts and bruises all over him. "Paybacks a bitch isn't it Frank?" When Curccio didn't respond, Alan hit him hard in the temple, heard something snap, and then Frank fell, lifeless on the floor. The story was made that Frank Curccio went after Anne trying to rape her, she called for help and the barracks beat him to death in defense of Anne. It was believable because Frank always stared at Anne and followed her around at night, and tonight he had to have her for some reason. Gordon was notified and the body was taken away, surprisingly, didn't seem to care that Private Frank Curccio was dead.

"Delta team, your objective is to find the wounded and pinned down marines, eliminate the enemy threat, then infiltrate the target building, take down the VIP and secure the battle plans. Bravo Alpha Charlie and Echo teams, your primary objective is to protect the VIP and battle plans at any cost; secondary objective is to take out the pinned marines. Teams to the staging area" Gordon said in the calmest of tones as if the events of last night never occurred.

"Delta team, we move in from the west, the pinned marines are her in grid two three. Move out." Alan said. Delta team moved on both side walks, not straying into the middle. "The Marines are just around this corner, behind two wrecked Warthogs, taking pot shots at a building in front of them. Why has the enemy just not flanked them yet?" Dave said. "Alright, Becher you take the left flank of the Marines, right in that pile of rubble. Fullmont you take the right, behind those columns. Howard, you and me move into the building from the back. You take the first floor I got the second. Move out"

With that Anne and Dave sprinted in the street firing as they went to their positions, while John and Howard made their way around back. When Private Delmuzzo and Private Fullmont reached the back, they tossed flash bangs into the building, and then burst in taking down the dazed enemies of Echo team. "FIRST FLOOR CLEAR!" Dave yelled, and secured the door. Alan went up the stairs threw a flash bang and took out Charlie team. The pinned down marines had been saved. The whole team, which consisted of five marines of Foxtrot team, and the remaining four of Delta team. "Alright change of plans from the mess hall. Foxtrot, you make a diversion at the front of the target building, smoke flash bangs what ever, draw them out of the center of the building. Delta team, we will enter the building from the glass roof, smoke and flash bang the floor and secure the VIP and documents, then we will proceed to the front door and take out Alpha and Bravo teams. Let's move." Alan said.

The two teams moved into position, and the trap was set. Foxtrot team started the diversion, and Delta team moved in. Delta hit the smoky floor and was in a circle position. They were in a large room with a balcony lining the second story, there were desks and working areas,

and a glass room in the center with a man inside. "Becher Howard, go for the documents, Fullmont come with me we are going to secure the VIP." The team moved out and became under fire from Alpha team. "Contact second story all around the balcony, they have us in a funnel of death." Dave said. Alpha team had positioned themselves on the second balcony, hidden from view, but had the target area in a clear line of sight. "Grenade the balcony! Dave, make a run for the VIP Go!" Becher was out in the open and was taken down immediately (the guns were trainers, using harmless lasers). Shortly after, Howard went down. Delta team was in the worst tactical position one can ever be in, surrounded from above. Alan moved into the glass room with Fullmont. Lasers where hitting all around the two marines, and just when they thought they were doomed, Foxtrot team came storming in on the second level, taking out Alpha team as they were caught in the open. Delmuzzo and Fullmont emerged from the glass room with the VIP and the documents. They used the med packs and healed Becher and Howard. "Regroup in the lobby." Alan said. He was not happy at the results, and next time he will stick to the original plan instead of going in guns blazing. When the marines regrouped, two members of Foxtrot team were down. "Mission complete, all objectives secured. Let's go home." The two teams went back to the staging area to meet Gordon.

"Brass wants second battalion mobilized, we've been ordered up to the front lines, organize your gear and get some rest, we move out tomorrow at zero six hundred hours. This is the real deal marines, lets get some hoorah."

End
file.